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(Thom



Songs in the Night

OR,

HYMNS FOR THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

Augustus Charles Thompson

BOSTON:
HENRY L. SHEPARD & CO.,
[Successors to SHEPARD & GILL.]
1874.


THE NEW YORK
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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1916

PRAYER FOR THE SICK.

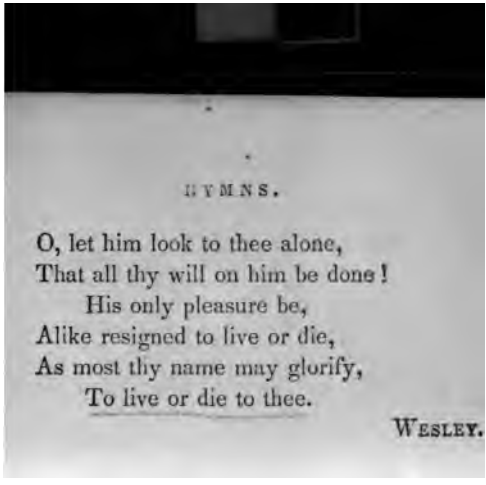
r sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let r over him." — *James* v. 14.

O LORD, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour and our God!
See here, a helpless sinner see;
Weak and in pain he looks to thee,
For healing in thy blood.

In sickness make thou all his bed,
Thy hand support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend;
Teach him on thee to cast his care,
And all his grief and burden bear,
And love him to the end.

If now thou wilt his soul require,
O, sit as a refiner's fire,
And purge it first from sin!
Thy love hath quicker wings than Death,
The fulness of thy Spirit breathe,
And bring thy nature in.

If in the vale of tears thy will
Appoints him to continue still,
O, sanctify his pain!
And let him patiently submit
To suffer as thy love sees fit,
And never once complain.



THE REFINER'S FIRE.

He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." — *Mal.* iii. 3.

E that from dross would win the ore
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
he subtile, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
Then in the molten, silvery, virgin mass,
e meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
  Thrice happy they who to the end endure;
But who the fiery trial may abide?
  Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
  As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But, stamped with Heaven's broad signet, there be shown
  Immanuel's features full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but — Eternity!"

MONTGOMERY.

GOD KNOWETH WHAT IS BEST.

"For who knoweth what is good for man in this life?" — *Eccl.* vi. 12.

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him? he knows not what he can,
What cannot, bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross:
To lack the loving discipline of pain,
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, "O, spare me here!
O, no, not this!"

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

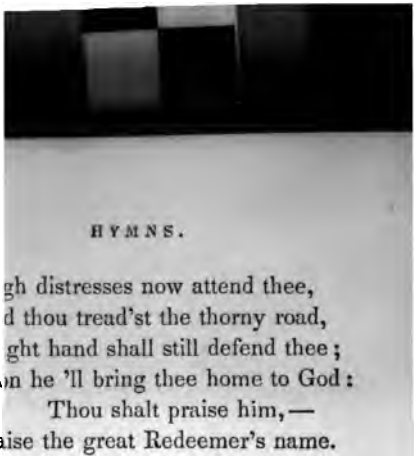
Nay, then, but He, who best doth understand,
Both what we need
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

ing unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." — *Heb.* xii. 2.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fear be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he 'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.



gh distresses now attend thee,
d thou tread'st the thorny road,
ı ght hand shall still defend thee;
ɔn he 'll bring thee home to God:
Thou shalt praise him,—
aise the great Redeemer's name.

at I could now adore him,
ke the heavenly host above,
› for ever bow before him,
nd unceasing sing his love!
Happy spirits!
hen shall I your chorus join?

FAWCETT.

JUST AS I AM.

"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." — *Mark* x. 48.

JUST as I am, — without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come!

n, — thou wilt receive;
me, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
y promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

n, — thy love unknown
every barrier down;
thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

SUBMISSION.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the d." — *Job* i. 21.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.

How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I 'll bless thy sacred name;
Jesus, to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

HAWEIS.

HE WHOM CHRIST LOVES.

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."—*John* xi. 3.

SAVIOUR! I can welcome sickness,
If these words be said of me;
Can rejoice, 'midst pain and weakness,
If I am but loved by thee;
Love so precious
Balm for every wound will be.

Thou, who waitest not for fitness
In the souls thy blood has saved,
Let thy Spirit now bear witness,
He this sentence has engraved,—

Love so precious
Gives me all my prayers have craved.

Though that love send days of sadness,
In a life so brief as this,
It prepares me days of gladness,
And a life of perfect bliss;
Love so precious
Bids me every fear dismiss.

"GOD IS LOVE."

1 *John* iv. 8.

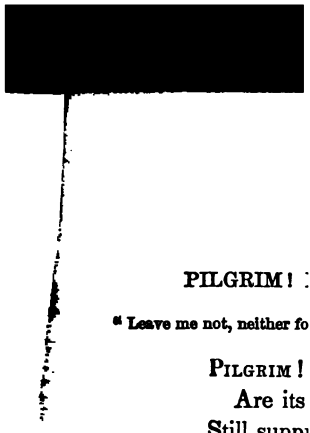
I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

... her sanctuary, springs,
For God is love,

When mystery clouds my darkened path
I 'll check my dread, my doubts repro
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

The entanglement which restless thought,
Mistrust, and idle reasoning wove,
Are thus unravelled and unwrought, —
For God is love.

Yes, God is love, — a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove
And ...



PILGRIM! :

" Leave me not, neither fo

PILGRIM!
Are its
Still supp
God fo

Storms m
All the
Still, amic
God fo

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."— *Deut.* xxxiii

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be

If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,—
"As thy day, thy strength shall be

Rock of Ages, I 'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

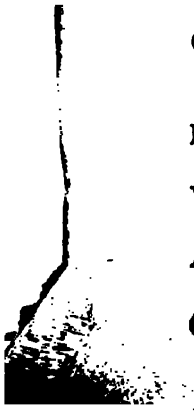
TRIALS A BLESSING.

t it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." — *James* i. 2.

'T is my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's powe[illegible]

... spring up and choke the we
Which would else o'erspread the
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.



If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied:
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love, that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

R. C. T.

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give rest." — *Matt.* xi. 28.

With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

It tells me of a place of rest, —
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

When nature shudders, loth to part,
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"

"Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me!"

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony;
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — *Matt.* xi. 28.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he leads his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest";
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust,
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

SUFFICIENT GRACE.

"O bring me out of my distresses!"—*Ps.* xxv. 17.

And wilt thou hear the fevered heart
To thee in silence cry?
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
Out of the restless eye,
Wilt thou forgive the wayward thought,
By kindly woes yet half untaught,
A Saviour's right so dearly bought,
That hope should never die?

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well,
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.
Thou, from whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that owned thy dying thirst,

To thee we turn, our last and first,
Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclose?

KEBLE.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Matt. vi. 10.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine,—
"Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

DIVINE PEACE.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding." — *Phil.* iv. 7.

Peace of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunbeam of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come, and every fear control.

Do I fear impending ill?
Evil hath not power to harm me,
He can whisper, "Peace, be still!"

O Almighty to deliver!
Thou on whom my hope is stayed,
I would trust in thee for ever,
Then I cannot be afraid.

SICKNESS SANCTIFIED.

"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." — *Ps.* cxix. 75.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my
breast?
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my day of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise thee! but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;

r the nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
present of pain, a perspective of fears;
raise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
r the good and the evil thy love hath bestowed.

ıe flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown
ıey yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone;
ıe thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,—
was the message of mercy, it led me to thee.

C. Fry.

EXTREME SUFFERINGS.

"...ve me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul."—*Ps.* lxix. 1.

FULL of trembling expectation,
  Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
  I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
  All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish
  In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
  Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
  Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
  Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

C. WESLEY.

SUFFERING SANCTIFIED.

"I take pleasure in infirmities."—2 *Cor.* xii. 10.

How happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above,
Awaked by a visit of pain,
Chastised by omnipotent love!
The author of all his distress,
He comes by affliction to know;
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffered below.

Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod;
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God;
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of follies confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

O Father of mercies! on me,
On me in affliction bestow
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctified use of my woe.
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thine appointments submit,
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

WESL

REMEMBERED AFFLICTIONS.

hou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me agai
halt bring me up again from the depths of the earth." — *Ps.* lxxi. 20.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,
And yet 't was good to bear;
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

- kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

Where are the vows which then I vo
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning clo
These, like the morning dew.

Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to sa
My God is all to me.

MONTG

REJOICING IN HOPE.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

Ps. xxxi. 15.

"My times are in thy hand,"
My God, I 'd have them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

"My times are in thy hand,"
I 'll always trust in thee ;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

WHOLLY RESIGNED.

"For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole." — *Job* v. 18.

My whole, though broken heart, O Lord,
From henceforth shall be thine,
And here I do my vow record,
This hand, these words, are mine.
All that I have, without reserve
I offer here to thee,
Thy will and honor all shall serve
That thou bestow'dst on me.

's not to my share,
lie or live,
rve thee is my share,
grace must give.
I will be glad,
ong obey;
y should I be sad,
'e the same pay?

ise this springing seed,
to fruit,
goes for the deed,
the root.
grief and toil,
faults;
ıy have the foil,
ıort assaults.

Christ leads us through no darker rooms
  Than he went through before.
He that into God's kingdom comes,
  Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me me
  Thy blessed face to see,
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
  And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
  That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
  The eye of faith is dim,
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
  And I shall be with him.

BAXTER.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in him, according to the grace of our God, and the Lord Jesus Christ. 2 Thess. i. 12.

When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and blind in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?

So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

WESLE

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." — *Rom.* viii. 26.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

HERRICK.

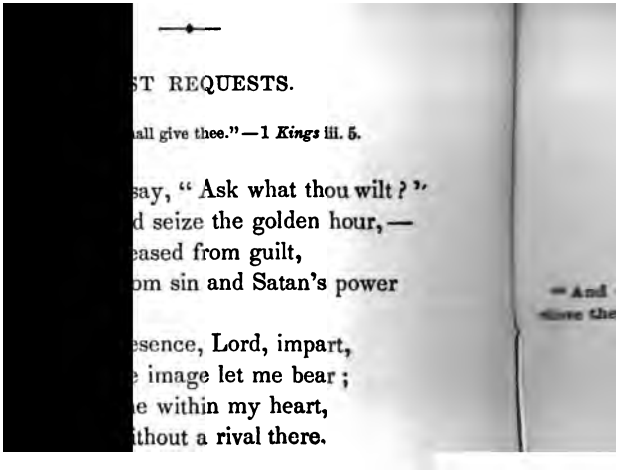
'T IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

"Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I, be not a*matt.* xiv. 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well, —
"'T is I, be not afraid."

When black the threatening skies appe
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear, —
"'T is I, be not afraid."

There is a gulf that must be crossed;



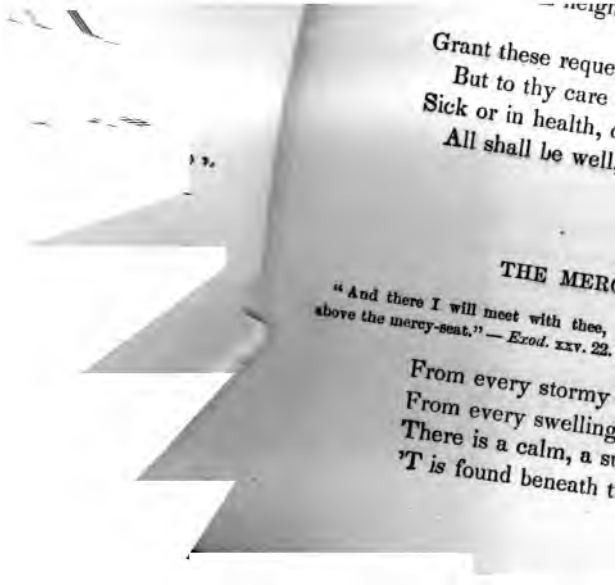
ST REQUESTS.

all give thee."—1 *Kings* iii. 5.

say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
d seize the golden hour,—
eased from guilt,
om sin and Satan's power

esence, Lord, impart,
e image let me bear;
e within my heart,
thout a rival there.

—And
give the



Grant these reque
But to thy care
Sick or in health,
All shall be well

THE MER

"And there I will meet with thee,
above the mercy-seat." — *Exod.* xxv. 22.

From every stormy
From every swelling
There is a calm, a s
'T is found beneath t

lace where Jesus sheds
adness on our heads;
all beside more sweet,
-bought "Mercy-seat."

ce where spirits blend,
holds fellowship with friend,
ed far, — by faith they meet
nmon "Mercy-seat."

uld we flee for aid,
desolate, dismayed,
of hell defeat,
nts no "Mercy-seat"?

gle wings we soar,
molest no more,
down our souls to greet,
he "Mercy-seat."

O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and sti
This throbbing heart forget to bea
If I forget the " Mercy-seat."

LONGING FOR GOD.

Ps. xlii.

LONE, amidst the dead and dying
Lord, my spirit faints for thee,
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sigh
When shall I thy presence see

O, how altered my condition!
Late I led the joyous throng;
Beat my heart with full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful s

Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
Waves on waves my soul confound;
Naught but boding fears before me,
Naught but threatening foes around.

Save me, save me, O my Father!
To thy faithful word I cling;
Thence, my soul, thy comfort gather;
Hope, and thou again shalt sing.

LYT

ENDURING TRUST.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever; he will be our guide unto death." — *Ps.* xlviii. 14.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favor all my journey through,
Thou hast engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way.
Shall I resist them both?
The poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

h! my inward spirit cries,—
ll bind me to thy sway;
he next cloud that veils my skies
ves all these thoughts away.

COWPER.

IAST BEEN MY REFUGE."

Ps. lxix. 16.

e infirmity! to think
ll leave my soul to sink
kness and distress,
peared in times of old,
ne while the billows rolled,
eered me with his grace.

What sweeter pledge could God bestow,
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing
Of confidence in Heaven!

SEARLE.

RESTING ON GOD.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."—Ps. civ. 34.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:—

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above: —

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own: —

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid: —

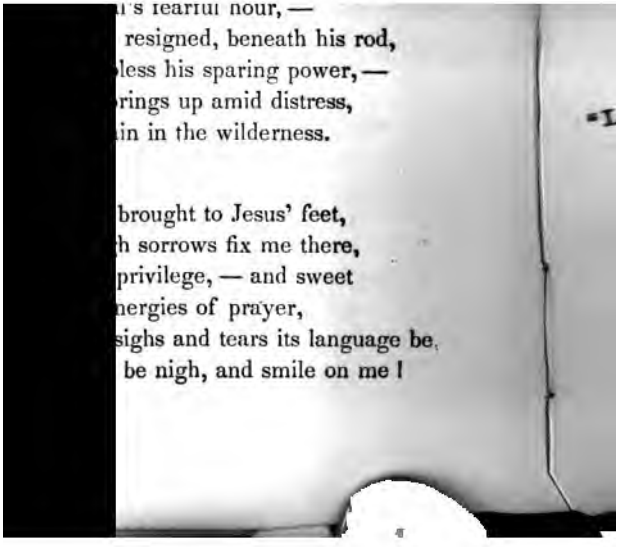
Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend: —

... covenant of his grace
For all things to depend :—

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his : —

'T is sweet to rest in lively hope,
That, when my change shall com
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disembodied soul
Behold him and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.


's fearful hour, —
resigned, beneath his rod,
less his sparing power, —
rings up amid distress,
in in the wilderness.

brought to Jesus' feet,
h sorrows fix me there,
privilege, — and sweet
nergies of prayer,
sighs and tears its language be,
be nigh, and smile on me!

O, blessèd be the hand that gave ;
Still blessèd when it takes : —
Blessèd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks :
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

CONI

"LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN D(

John xxi. 21.

"LORD, and what shall this man do ?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end :
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

He in youth shall find his rest, —
Or, armèd in his station, wait,
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course,
(Lonely, not forlorn,) he stay,
Or, with love's supporting force,
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in his high hand,
Who doth hearts, as streams, command.

Gales from heaven, if so he will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, — but not alone.

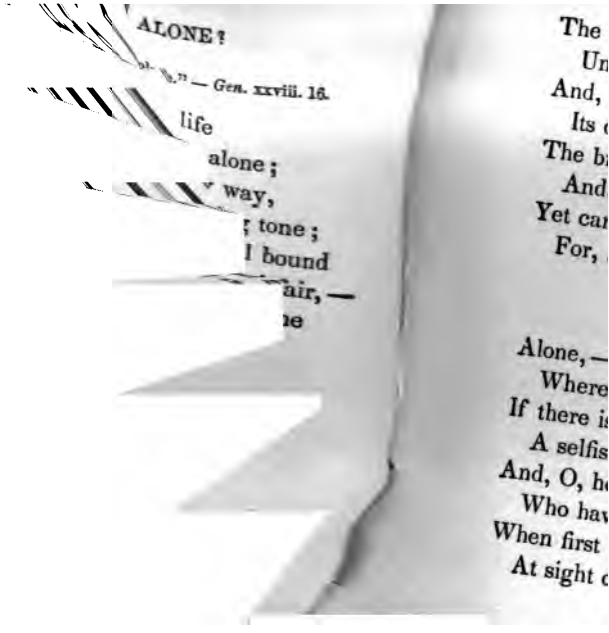
Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor, —
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly, loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow thee.

KEBLE.

How heavily the path of life
Is trod by him who walks al
Who hears not, on his dreary w
Affection's sweet and cheerin
Alone, — although his heart sha
With love to all things great a
They love him not, — there is n
His sorrow or his joy to share.

The ancient stars look coldly dow
On man, the creature of
They li


ALONE?
— Gen. xxviii. 16.
life
alone;
way,
tone;
I bound
air,—
The
Un
And,
Its
The b
And
Yet ca
For,
Alone,—
Where
If there i
A selfis
And, O, h
Who hav
When first
At sight

O, how couldst thou, foreseeing it,
For us that painful course pursue?

Forsaken by thy nearest friends,
Surrounded by malicious foes,
No kindly voice encouraged thee,
When the loud shout of scorn uprose.
Yet there was calm within thy soul;
Nor stoic pride that calmness kept;
Nor Godhead unapproached by woe,—
Like man, thou hadst both loved and wept.

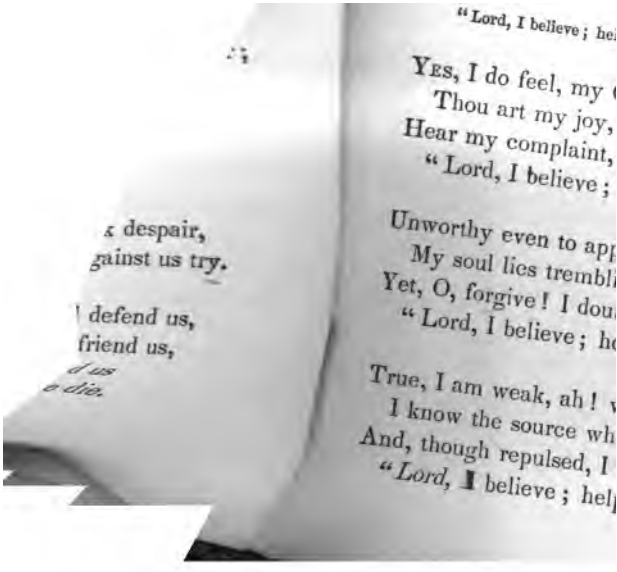
...ou wert not then alone, — for God
Sustained thee by his mighty power ;
His arm most felt, his care most seen,
When needed most, in saddest hour.
None else could comfort, none else knew
How dreadful was the curse of sin ;
He who controlled the storm without,
Could gently whisper peace within.

Who is alone, if God be nigh ?
Who shall repine at loss of friends,
While he has one of boundless power,
Whose constant kindness never ends ?
Whose presence, felt, enhances joy,
Whose love can stop each [illegible]

"Doth his promise fail for evermore."—

LIFE nor death shall us disse
From His love, who reigns fo
Will he fail us? never, never
When to him we cry

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury, passion, tear us!
Doubt and fear, and dark despa
Their fangs against u



"Lord, I believe; he

YES, I do feel, my
Thou art my joy,
Hear my complaint,
"Lord, I believe;

Unworthy even to ap
My soul lies trembl
Yet, O, forgive! I dou
"Lord, I believe; h

True, I am weak, ah!
I know the source wh
And, though repulsed, I
"Lord, I believe; hel

s despair,
gainst us try.

l defend us,
friend us,
d us
e die.

too far away,
›rightness are too brief;
nting, still have strength to

p thou mine unbelief."
MONSELL.

UL AND SAD.

et him pray. Is any merry? let him sing

›oul, and humbly hear
Lord commands;
will charm thine ear,
l guide thy hands.

eet and tender care
our weak minds;
e and tempers are,
ork he finds.

They that are merry, let them
And let the sad hearts pray:
Let those still ply their cheerfi
And these their sober way.

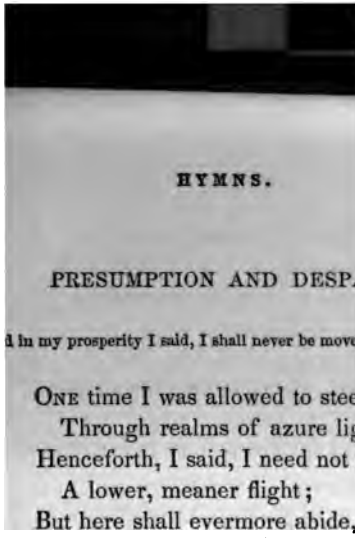
So mounts the early, chirping l
Still upwards to the skies;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
Sighing out groans and cries

And yet the lark, and yet the c
Both sing through several pa
And so should we, howe'er we
With light or heavy hearts.

Or, rather, both should both ass
And their cross-notes unite;
Both grief and joy should sing
Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes, that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel,
Delights that never end.

All glory to the Sacred Three,
All honor, power, and praise;
As at the first, may ever be,
Beyond the end of days.



HYMNS.

PRESUMPTION AND DESPA

d in my prosperity I said, I shall never be move

ONE time I was allowed to stee
Through realms of azure lig
Henceforth, I said, I need not fe
A lower, meaner flight;
But here shall evermore abide,
In light and splendor glorified.

My heart one time the rivers fed
Large dews upon it lay;
A freshness it has won, I said,
Which shall not pass away;
But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

Refit my shattered wing;
Nailed to the ground, and fasten
This was the thought of my desp

And, when my very heart seeme
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide,
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderne

But if both hope and fear were vai
And came alike

"I AM LIKE A BROKEN VESSEL

Ps. xxxi. 12.

O Thou, whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active vigor do
Thy choice I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at thy gracious th
I offer up my life's remains;
I *choose* the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness sh
My patience may thy glory raise,—
My speechless woe proclaim thy pr

O, let me live, or thee possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my laboring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languished on the tree, —
But lived, before he died, for me.

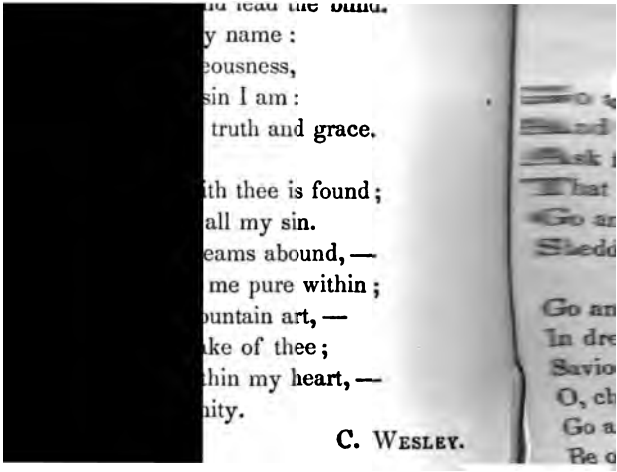
STEELE.

CHRIST MY REFUG

Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the
vi. 18.

JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.



nd lead the blind.
y name :
eousness,
sin I am :
truth and grace.

ith thee is found ;
all my sin.
eams abound, —
me pure within ;
ountain art, —
ake of thee ;
thin my heart, —
nity.

C. WESLEY.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"And they came unto him from every quarter." — *Mark.* i. 45.

Go and tell Jesus when thy heart is glad,
And hope and joy and friendship crowd thy way.
Ask for his sanctifying grace o'er all,
That naught may cause thy heart from him to stray.
Go and tell Jesus, making joy more bright,
Shedding o'er all thy path a holy light.

Go and tell Jesus when thy sins arise
In dread and dark perspective to thy sight,
Saviour, I am unclean, unclean, O, save!
O, cheer my gloomy way with thy clear light!
Go and tell Jesus, — he will speak to thee.
Be of good cheer, — thy sins shall pardoned be.

... agony and woe ; —
When the dear, precious form of one b
Is parted from thee, — in the grave laid
Go and tell Jesus, — he will soothe thy
To thy poor, suffering spirit give relief.

Go and tell Jesus when thy weak heart fa
In looking through the mist of coming ye
Thou think'st of sorrow, pain, and lonelin
And the bright world seems but a vale of
Go and tell Jesus, — he will say to thee,
I thy good Shepherd am ; O, trust in me !

Go and tell Jesus

CHRIST'S DISCIPLINE.

"Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." — *Heb.* xii. 11.

O SAVIOUR! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy,
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, — but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, — there was blight in the beam;

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the sun, and glad as the morn
Thou show'dst me the path,—it was dark and uneven
All rugged with rock and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown
I asked, and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;
O, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod.
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

THE BORDER-LAND.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of bro
water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." —
viii. 7.

I HAVE been to a land, a Border-land,
Where there was but a strange, dim light,
Where shadows and dreams in a spectral band
Seemed real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again;
Its morning and light were marked by the fligh
Or coming of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border-land,
With mountain ridges hoar,
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him, "the Crucified,"
In most humble faith and prayer,

Who had ransomed with blood my s
For I thought he would call me t

Yet nay; for a while in the Barbarb
He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembli
Whilst he cheered its g[illegible]ms away
He has led me amid the se[illegible] bows
And shown that bright world [illegible]
To teach me that earnest trust in Hi
Is the one th[illegible]

NOT UNCLOTHED, BUT CLOTHED UPON.

"For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not f
that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might b
swallowed up of life."—2 *Cor.* v. 4.

In health, O Lord, and prosperous days,
When worldly wealth, or worldly praise,
When worldly thoughts have filled our heart,
We would not from the body part;—
And then the very thought is loathed,
That we must be by death unclothed.

In sickness, sorrow, or in shame,
We fain would quit this mortal frame;
But thus to shrink from toil and pain,—
This is not longing for thy reign;
Brought low, we only seek to be
Unclothed,—not clothed upon by thee.

O, rather help us as we ought
To feel what thine apostle taught, —
That not for aye we seek to wear
This form of clay, corruption's heir;
Nor yet, impatient, ask alone
To be unclothed, but clothed upon.

O blessed Lord! whose merits dress
Thy saints in robes of righteousness;
Through whom, for us, eternal stands
That heavenly house, not made with hands, –
When this frail dwelling sets us free,
Quench thou, in life, mortality.

FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.

'theless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my
id." — *Ps.* lxxiii. 23.

WHEN, in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made;
O, this shall check each rising sigh,—
Thou, Saviour, art for ever nigh.

Jesus! in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved, in comparison with thee?
Thy counsels and upholding care

My safety and my comfort are;
Thou, Lord, shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

My flesh is hastening to decay, —
Soon shall the world have passed away, —
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and flesh shall fail!
But, O, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

"Master, carest thou not that we perish?" — *Mark* iv. 38

Such was the disciples' cry,
When the crested waves beat high,
And the heavens above were dark,
O'er the tempest-driven bark.

Such, O Lord, in trial's hour,
When afflictions round us lower,
Now, on life's tempestuous sea,
Our complaining cry to thee.

But thou didst not, though upbraided,
Leave thy followers then unaided;
Prompt to succor, swift to save,
Thou rebukedst wind and wave.

At the word which spoke thy will,
Every stormy wind was still;
At thy voice the waves subsided,
And in gentlest murmurs glided.

Though their faith, too often frail,
In thy power divine might fail;
Though thou mightst reprove their fear,
Still thy saving arm was near.

Thus, O Lord, on us look down,
When above us clouds may frown;
Tossing on a stormy sea,
Helpless, hopeless, but for thee.

Should we deem ourselves forgot,
Let thy mercies fail us not;
But, in doubt's distrustful hour,
Magnify thy love and power.

Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, — passed to thy home on high!

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One;
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son!

Our eyes behold thee not;
Yet hast thou not forgot
se who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
: where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
vèd of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
n clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
n, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to

LOVE TO CHRIST.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" — *Rom.*

Though sorrows rise and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false and love deca
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foe
Swells with remembered guilt my woe
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

O, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace has planted in my heart,—
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord! Thou lov'st me still!



...hand of thine
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear!

My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My hours with undiminished force
And speed pursue their destined course,
Obedient to thy will;
Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content, —
Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she
Who followed Christ should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

PATIENCE.

"But let patience have her perfect work."—*James* i. 4.

O THOU, to wisdom near allied,
A female virtue void of pride,
Though more, a grace, divine;
Virtue or grace, whiche'er thou art,
The frequent sigh that rends my heart
Proves that thou art not mine.

Though here no furious passion sways,
Too oft a starting tear betrays
A pang that should not be;
Though no resentment holds her seat,
Too apt the unequal pulse to beat,
Sweet Patience, not to thee.

Could reason and her powers of thought
Calm the quick sense to anguish brough'
Soon would the tumult cease;
Pride might control the wayward will,
And bid the rising storm be still,
But vainly whispers peace.

'T is thine, O Patience, to endure
The ills which reason cannot cure,
The trespass unforgiven,
The cold neglect, the taunting sneer;
Stingless the insult meets his ear,
Whose eyes are fixed on heaven.

Fixed on that dear availing sign,
Where once thy suffering Lord and mine
Bowed his meek head and died;
Vain follower of thy suffering Lord,
Think of his life, his death record,
And blush that e'er you sighed.

CHASTISEMENT.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." — *Re*

Glory to the righteous God, —
Righteous, yet benign to me!
Still, in his paternal rod,
His paternal love I see;
Let him tenderly chastise,
Let him graciously reprove, —
Father, all within me cries,
"All thy ways are truth and love."

Humbled in the lowest deep,
Thee I for my sufferings bless;
Think of all thy love, and weep
For my own unfaithfulness:
I have most rebellious been,
Thou hast laid thy hand on me,
Kindly visited my sin,
Scourged the wanderer back to the

Taught obedience to my God,
By the things I have endured,
Meekly now I kiss the rod,
Wounded by that rod and cured;
Good for me the grief and pain,
Let me but thy grace adore,
Keep the pardon I regain,
Stand in awe, and sin no more.

"GOD IS LOVE."

1 *John* iv. 8.

'T is sweet when cloudless suns arise,
As through the vale we move;
But, O! more sweet to recognize,
Through dreary nights and starless skies,
The smiling face of Love!

74393

When health invigorates the frame,
Let joy the bliss improve;
But torturing pain, and fever's flame,
With teaching power alike proclaim
The tender hand of Love!

Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,
Such blessings taught to prove;
Each cloud that dims thy upward way
Shall more endear the glorious day,
That gilds the land of Love!

Bov

"O, BRING ME OUT OF MY DISTRESSES!"

Psalm xxv. 17.

Thou man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,—
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat;
When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.

Father! if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire:
I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

To thee my last distress I bring;
The heightened fear of death I fin
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!
I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O, save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me
Wa

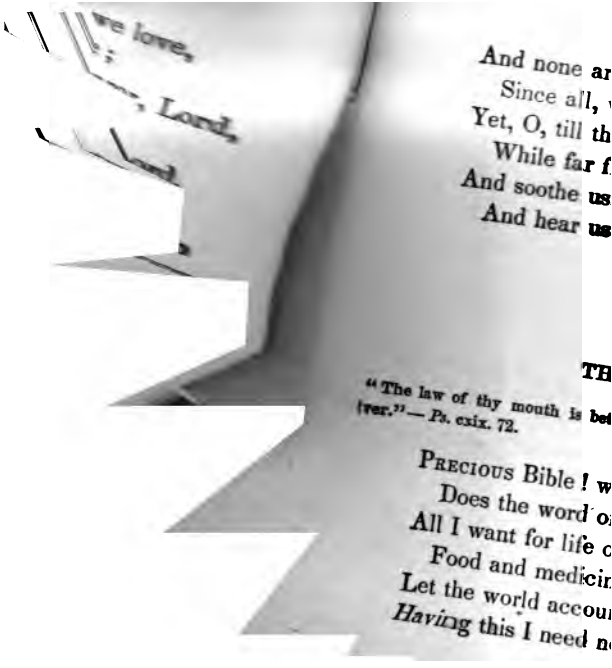
GOD APPOINTS.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."— *Matt.* x. 30.

Is thy path lonely? fear it not, for He
Who marks the sparrow's fall is guarding thee;
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But He doth know that it will meet thy sight,
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,
But tells thee still that thou art unforgot.
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise,
Dwell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper,
That better 't would betide,
If we were near the friends we love,
And watching by their side;
But sure thou 'lt love them dearer, Lord,
For trusting thee alone;
And sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
The further we are gone.
Then why be sad? since thou wilt keep
Watch o'er them day by day;
Since thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep
And hear us when we pray.

O for that bright and happy land,
[illegible] amid the blest,


we love,
, Lord,
Lord,
And none ar
Since all,
Yet, O, till th
While far f
And soothe us
And hear us
TH
"The law of thy mouth is bet
ver." — Ps. cxix. 72.
Precious Bible! w
Does the word o
All I want for life c
Food and medicin
Let the world accou
Having this I need n

Food, to which the world 's a str
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys :
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

When my faith is faint and sickl
Or when Satan wounds my mi
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines, here I find
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield,
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the Scripture truths are su
From his malice I 'm secure.

Shall I envy, then, the miser,
  Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
  I am rich, 't is he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his word
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

NEWTON.

HOME.

"Then the disciples went away unto their own home."—*John* xx. 10.

WHERE burns the fireside brightest
  Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
  Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the hour of sadness
  With meek-eyed patience borne?

Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn!
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness,
At home, — sweet home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief, —
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief:
There, eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, — sweet home!

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Her dwelling is not only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely,
Unless her smiles be there;
Wherever we may wander,
'T is all in vain we roam,
If worshipless her altar
At home, — sweet home!

BARTON.

HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

lehold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in ! " — *Ps.* cxxxiii. 1.

O, SWEET as vernal dews, that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,



The members of one family
Live peacefully together!

The children, like the lily flowe
On which descend the sun and s
Their hues of beauty blendi
The parents, like the willow bou
On which the lovely foliage grow
Their friendly shade extendi

But leaves the greenest will deca
And flowers the brightest fade aw
When autumn [illegible]

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together!

KNOX.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

nd thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their — *Matt.* i. 21.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

THE COURTS OF THE LORD

Psalm lxxxiv.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love:
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints;
For the brightness of thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe,
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O, shower them, Lord, on me!

LYTE.

SICKNESS ON THE SABBATH.

"When shall I come and appear before God?" — Ps. xlii. 2

I miss the bells, I see them go,
I may not join the throng
Of faithful Christians here below,
Nor hear the grateful song,
Which in those sacred walls they raise
Unto our blessed Redeemer's praise.

Dare I repine, or think it hard,
By sickness and by pain,
That I should be so long debarred
Treading those courts again?
O, no! it is my Father's will;
'T is his command; my heart, be still!

For well I know his love is raised
Beyond what we can feel;

In weakness, Lord, be thou my strength
And when it is thy will
In health to raise me up at length,
Make me to praise thee still;
And feel, that thy afflicting rod
Has drawn me nearer to my God.

And when life's weary path is trod,
Its fleeting shadows past;
May I repose on thee, my God,
In perfect peace, at last!
Then shall I know, then shall I see,
That all has worked for good to me.

DETAINED FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"For I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day." — *Ps* xlii. 4.

Sweet Sabbath bells! I love your voice,—
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I cannot go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

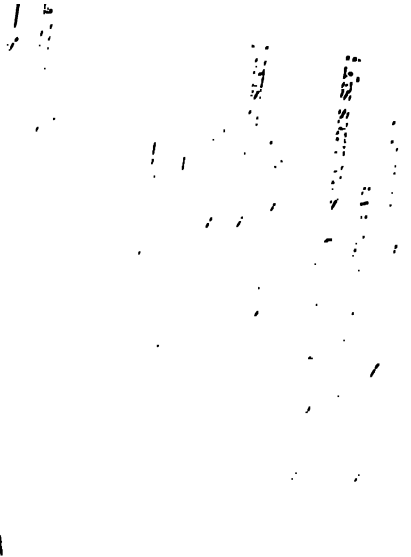
Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

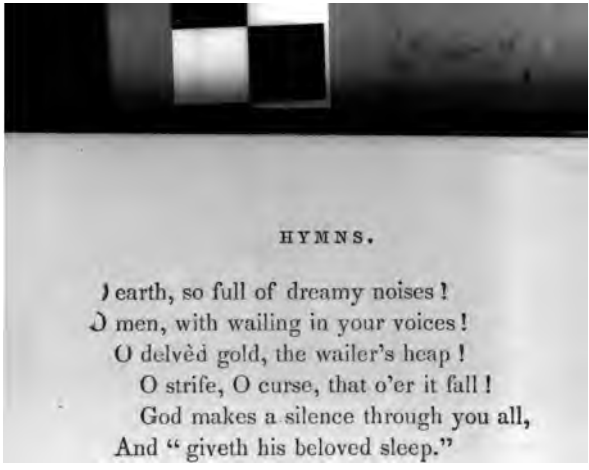
His sanctuary is the heart, —
  There, with the contrite, will he rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
  And make thy temple in my breast.

SLEEP.

"So he giveth his beloved sleep." — *Ps.* cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
  Along the Psalmist's music deep, —
    Now tell me if that any is
    For gift or grace surpassing this, —
  "He giveth his beloved sleep"?





O earth, so full of dreamy noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill, —
His cloud above it saileth still, —
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder, while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say, — and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard, —
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"IF CHRIST IS MINE."

Cant. ii. 16.

"If Christ is mine," then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things, and things to come,
And grace and glory, too.

"If he is mine," then, though he frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.

"If he is mine," I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

Thou hast seen how oft, to-day,
We, like sheep, have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue;
Secret faults, and undescribed,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessed Saviour! yet, through thee,
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Rest on us in evening's calm;
While, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]



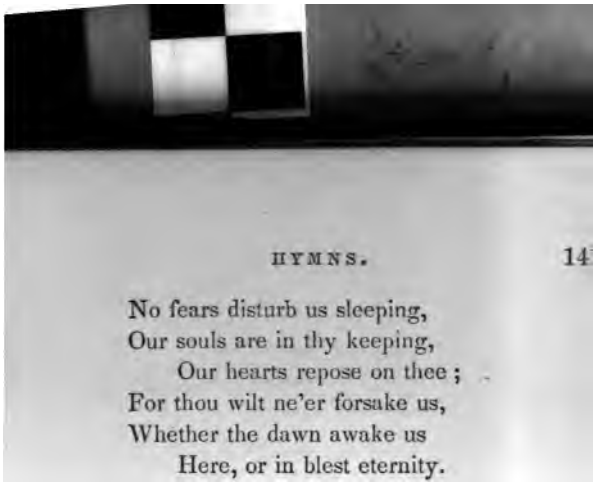
Blessed Trinity! be near,
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are;—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let your angels, guardian host,
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

EVENING HYMN.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening."—
s. civ. 23.

The gaudy day is dying!
The hours of evening, flying,
Chase household cares away;
Awhile soft twilight lingers,
Till night with dewy fingers
Shall close the weary eye of day.

O, let us, ere we slumber,
Heaven's bounties try to number,
Too great for tongue to tell;
Our grateful hearts confessing,
With each recounted blessing,
That God has ordered all things well.



No fears disturb us sleeping,
Our souls are in thy keeping,
Our hearts repose on thee;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake us,
Whether the dawn awake us
Here, or in blest eternity.

Lord! 't is thy hand that guides us,
And with all good provides us,
In this our pilgrimage,
O, be our praise unceasing,
Our love each day increasing
To life's remote and latest stage!

RINCK

EVENING TIME.

"It shall come to pass, that at evening there shall be light." — *Zech.* xiv. 7

At evening time, let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time, let there be light.

At evening time, let there be light;
Sorrow and dark hath been my day;
Yet morn the morn divinely bright, —
Hopes, friends, and blessings cheered the way;
One more sweet, one parting ray! —
At evening time, let there be light.



At evening time, there *shall* be light,
For God hath spoken, — it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'T is evening time, — and there *is* light.

MONTGOMERY.

When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers fl
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And, if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 't is thy will.





For, O, in spite of past or present care,
Or any thing beside, — how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For, what is there on earth, that I desire,
Of all that it can give, or take from me?
Or whom, in heaven, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

NIGHT.

"The morning cometh, and also the night." — *Isa.* xxi. 12.

NIGHT is the time to muse;
  Then, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight; and, with expanded views,
  Beyond the starry pole,
Descries, athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
  Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
  So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends, — such death be mine.

MONTGOMERY.

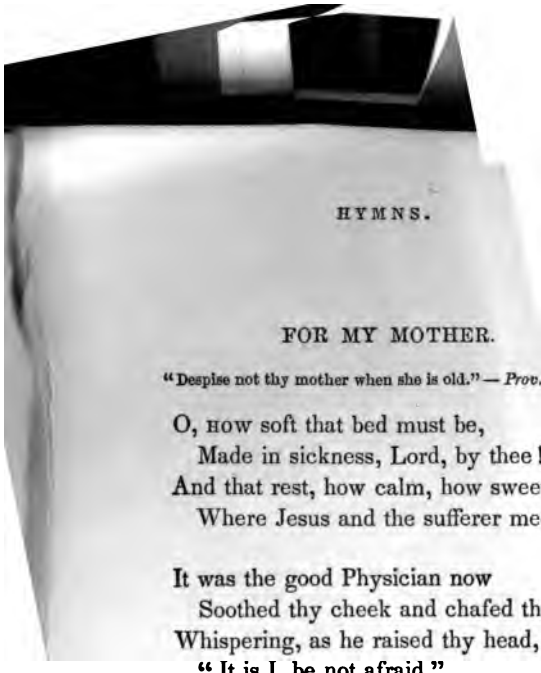
MORNING.

"The morning cometh, and also the night." — *Isa.* xxi. 12.

MORN is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity;
And ask our souls, if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat.



I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come, -
A sinner to salvation;
An exile to his home:
But, while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.



FOR MY MOTHER.

"Despise not thy mother when she is old." — *Prov.*.

O, how soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by thee!
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet!

It was the good Physician now
Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy h
Whispering, as he raised thy head, —
"It is I, be not afraid."

God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-pla
Hear, in mercy, and forgive,
Bid thy child believe, and live.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days,
Thy goodness watched my ripening
And formed my heart to love thy tru
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour! has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the Eternal mind?
Or time its lone decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee.
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness tried so long:
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

GRANT.

THE DYING FATHER.

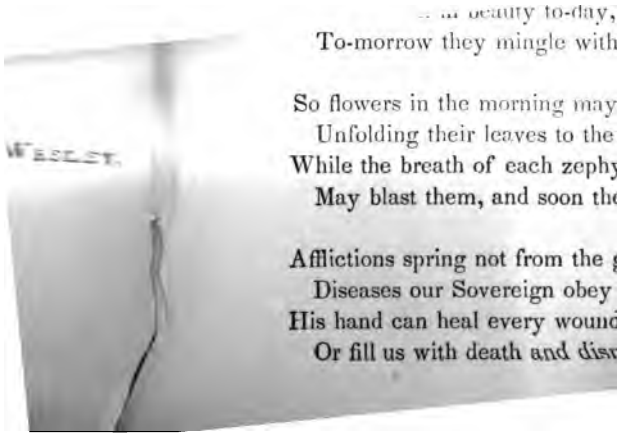
"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." — *Jer.* xlix. 11.

O THOU faithful God of love!
Gladly I thy promise plead;
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead:
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer!

Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
To them all thy blessings give:
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.



Father of the
Husband of
Me and mine vo
Tell me, we s
Seal the promise
Bid me then in



... in beauty to-day,
To-morrow they mingle with

So flowers in the morning may
Unfolding their leaves to the
While the breath of each zephy
May blast them, and soon the

Afflictions spring not from the g
Diseases our Sovereign obey
His hand can heal every wound
Or fill us with death and disc

We lie at thy sovereign control,
O Lord, in this hour of distress;
Physician of body and soul,
Send down thy recovering grace.

O, speak, and the dying shall live,
Jehovah, almighty to save!
At thy voice, e'en the dead shall revive,
And triumph, at last, o'er the grave.



CONVALESCENCE.

"For indeed he was sick nigh unto death; but God had mercy on him."—*Ph.* ii. 27.

ALL hail! thou lengthener of my days!
Thy still preserving love I praise,
And thankfully receive
The present of my life restored:
O, may I spend it for thee, Lord,
And to thy glory live!

No other end of life I 'd know,
Nor would I live one hour below
But to declare thy praise;
To suffer all thy holy will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil,
And publish all thy grace.

WESLEY.

LET HER DEPART.

we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things whic
en." — 2 *Cor.* iv. 18.

Her home is far, O, far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath naught to do with earthly day,
'T is kindled from the skies.
Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
Even as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
How softly, yet how far!
Let her depart!



Her spirit's hope, — her bosom's love —
O, could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wings to sigh.
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her beloved is gone.
Let her depart!

HEMANS.

far away, in some region old,
e the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
e the burning rays of the ruby shine,
he diamond lights up the secret mine,
the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
here, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
ith not heard its deep songs of joy;
cannot picture a world so fair:
and death may not enter there;
th not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
nd the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

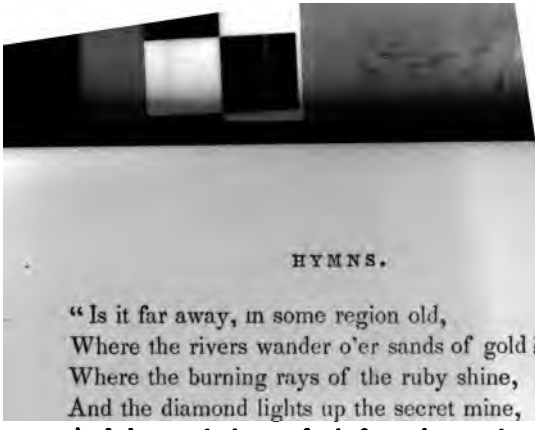
HEMANS.

THE SICK CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." — *Heb.* xi. 16

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child



"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair:
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

HEMANS.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me." — Matt. xxv. 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me in my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed and brake
And ate, — but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was [illegible] my taste.



I spied him where a fountain burst
  Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
  He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o'er,—
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night, the floods were out, it blew
  A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
  To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirits, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; — he was healed; —
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

I saw him next in prison, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him, 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, — "I will!"



Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, — thou didst them unto me."

MONTGOMERY.

"WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

John xx. 13

Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Hear what comfort he hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruisèd reed who ne'er hath broken: —
"Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go!
Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,
Come to me and be at rest!"

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice, —
'T is a true and faithful saying: —
"Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee?
Bought with pain, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live! — why will ye die!"



Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Far from consolation flying;
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing: —
"Bring thy broken heart to me;
Welcome offering it shall be;
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice."

JOY IN GOD.

"I will be glad in the Lord." — *Ps.* civ. 34

When morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks, with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night, —

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
  But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
  And finds its home in thee.

When evening's silent shades descend,
  And nature sinks to rest,
Still, to my Father and my friend
  My wishes are addressed.

Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
  And bid my pleasures flee,
Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy;
  I will be glad in thee.

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,
  Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
  Are hovering o'er my head.



I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

THE INVITATION.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." — *Rev.* xxii. 17.

"COME, WHO WILL," — the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls:
"COME, WHO WILL," — the Church hath given
Back the echo from the walls.

"Come" to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne;
"Come," where God, his gifts bestowing,
In the Church on earth is known.

Heavenly music, — each who listens,
Longing for his spirit's home,
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Burns to say, — "I come, I come."



EMPTY AND FLEETING.

y of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." —

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *life* of mortal man!
Like the flow of rapid river,
Pausing in its pathway never, —
So our days are flowing, ever.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *joy* of sighing man!
Transient as a moment's treasure,
Mocking like a shadow's measure, —
So is man's uncertain pleasure.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Does all human *beauty* seem!
Like the form of a fragile flower,
Withering in an evil hour, —
So is beauty's fading power.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the honor of mankind!
Yesterday, the hero haughty
Was the theme of every story,—
Now he lies disrobed of glory.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the wealth of eager man!
Fire consumes while he is sleeping,
Needs none at, in fury sweeping,—
Man is left alone, and weeping.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Are the things of human life!
[illegible] have together taken
[illegible] we awaken,—
[illegible] us unshaken.

MICHAEL FRANK



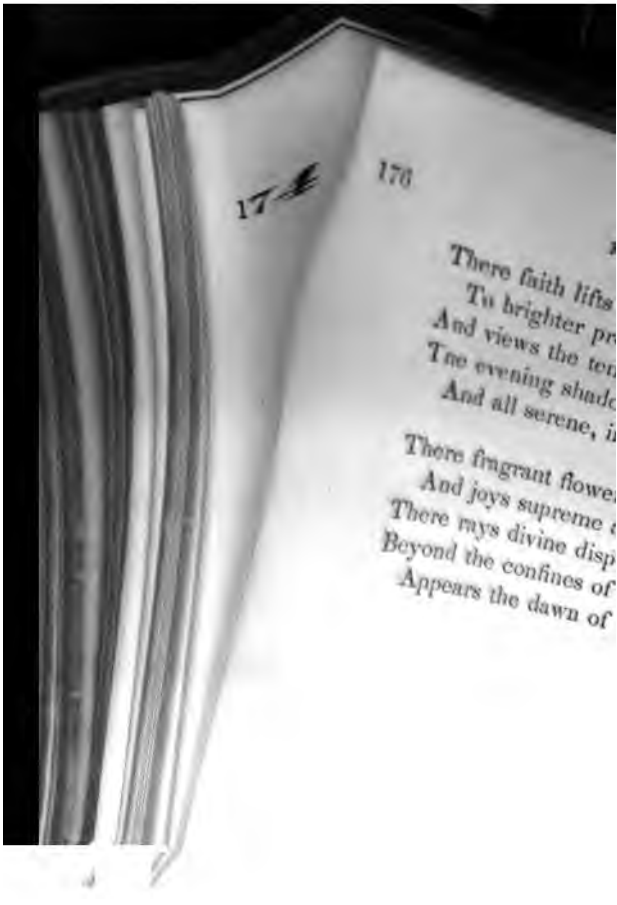
THE HEAVENLY REST.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." — *Heb.* iv. 9

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast, —
'T is found alone in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, — in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; — 't is heaven.



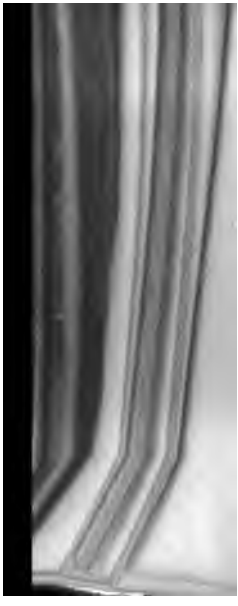


HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

"Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better substance." — *Heb.* x. 34.

AH! why this disconsolate frame?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day.
Though molten awhile in the fire,
'T is only the gold to refine;
And be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

What can be the pleasure to me,
Which earth, in its fulness, can boast
Delusive, its vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment, at most!
And if the Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies



Bright is the golden sun abo
And beautiful the flowers t
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to
..

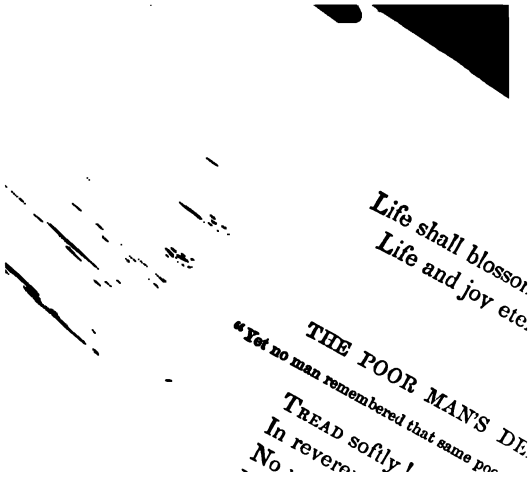
THE DYING CHRIS

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, wher
xv. 55.

"Spirit, leave thine house o
Lingering dust, resign thy
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in d
Thus the Almighty Saviour sp
While the faithful Christian
Thus the bonds of life be bre
And the

"Welcome to a land of rest!
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

Grave, the guardian of our dust
Grave, the treasury of the sky
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay
Immortality



Life shall blosso
Life and joy ete

THE POOR MAN'S DE

"Yet no man remembered that same po

TREAD softly !
In revere
No



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